

"SAINT ELIZABETH" IN AN OPERATIC DRESS

Stage Version of Liszt Oratorio Is Novel Bill at the Metropolitan

ADMIRABLE PRODUCTION

SAINT ELIZABETH—Musical legend in a language and four tableaux. Book by Otto Roquette. English translation by Florence Easton. Music by Franz Liszt. Produced by Metropolitan Opera Company.

No vogue for turning oratorio into opera is likely to arise from the Metropolitan Company's experiment with Liszt's "St. Elizabeth." The venture is commendable from several angles and bespeaks a keen artistic initiative.

Considering under this handicap, Mr. Gatti-Casazza has done his utmost for "Saint Elizabeth." He has enabled art lovers to hear much admirable music brilliantly sung, he has injected a new life into the season's repertoire.

CAPTURED

By Lieut. J. HARVEY DOTIGLAS, Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles

THE ambulance took us to Laarast. I another hospital for prisoners in Cologne—where, after a short wait, a few more men were added to our party and we were whirled off to the railway station.

MET OLD FRIENDS

At 7 o'clock a train loaded with prisoners from the various camps pulled into the station. We were allotted certain carriages and climbed on board to seek room in some of the compartments which were not occupied.

COMMISSION COMING

One morning Karl put his head in the door and shouted "Commission kommt heute Morgen neun Uhr." The commission is coming this morning at 9 o'clock. Every man that could leap from his bed was completely dressed in a few minutes.

CHAIRMAN OF TRAINING CAMP COMMISSION LAUDA Y. W. C. A. IDEA

Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camps, today sent a letter to the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, praising that organization for the "Hostess House" idea.

CARD PARTY TO BENEFIT HOSPITAL

A card party and sale of fancy goods will be held this afternoon at the Acorn Club, 1219 Walnut street, for the benefit of the Women's Hospital.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Deceit, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

IT WAS Hedwig who showed the early depression on the trip, after all. Early that morning she had attended a mass in the royal chapel.

Looking up, Hedwig had seen his gray old face set and rigid. The Court had worn black, and the chapel was draped in crapes. She had fallen on her knees and had tried dutifully to pray for the dead Hubert.

No now she sat very quiet and wondered about things. Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat by the rail and watched the green banks flying by.

The Crown Prince leaned over the rail, and when the current caught it, he cheered too, and waved his cap. He was removed, of course, and some officious person insisted on tucking the rug around his royal legs.

But Hedwig's interest was so evidently assumed that he turned to the Countess. The Countess, however, smiling terror, and a good little way back from the guns, looking on.

"There's a fine view up there," he urged. "And the guns won't hurt you. There's nothing in them."

To get up it was necessary to climb an iron ladder. Hedwig was already there. About a dozen young officers had helped him up and rubbed his many pairs of white gloves.

He caught her handbag from her and instantly dismissed her mother as looking out with her cool, impassive gaze. Miss Braithwaite knitted. The Countess, however, met her eyes, and there was something strange in them.

The launch drew up near the fort and the Crown Prince's salute of certain number of guns was fired. The garrison was drawn up in line and looked newly shaved and very, very neat.

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proceeded to undress immediately, as we were very tired after our 24-hour journey in the train.

Shortly afterward the officers who had walked arrived and filled up the unoccupied portion of the room, the overflow being accounted for by placing the senior officers in one of the main buildings which surrounded the parade ground.

We were actually within the walls of a German barracks containing troops undergoing training. In addition to the main buildings there were rows of other structures similar to the one we were in, which formed temporary hospital wards for English and French prisoners awaiting the visit of the Swiss Commission.

Beyond this was a short passageway leading to the door, on one side of which was a room occupied by an old nurse and used as a surgery; on the other side was what had been once a bathroom, but the bath was now chiefly used by the orderlies for washing dishes and clothes.

At 8 o'clock every morning coffee and rolls, made of fairly white flour, were placed on the table in the dining room, and German orderlies would furiously stamp up and down the ward shouting: "Schweinsere, Aufstehen! Kaffee trinken!"

The next day we were interested in seeing the women and old men working in the fields. Horses were nowhere to be seen, their places being almost invariably taken by oxen.

At 11 o'clock that night we arrived at Constance and were very thankful to get out on the platform and stretch our legs again. A German doctor asked those who wished to ride in an ambulance to stand on one side. Very few wanted to do this, as they preferred to walk and see something of the town.

A short drive took us to the garrison barracks and we were shown into a long, narrow, wooden building with a row of beds down each side. At the far end were a few officers who had arrived on an earlier train, and among these I was delighted to find Lieutenant Hubbe, of the Fourth C. M. I. He greeted me with the news that I was dead, and wanted to know what I was doing there.

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Colonel was talking to Hedwig. Well for her, too, that the other officers were standing behind with their eyes worshipfully on the Princess.

"Don't worry, Highness," she said, with stiff lips. "The watch falls back sometimes. I must have it repaired."

But long after the loach of the ramparts was over, after ammunition rooms had been visited, with their long lines of waiting shells, after the switchboard which controlled the river mines had been inspected and explained, she was still trembling.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, looking at the bag later on, saw the watch in place and drew a long breath of relief.

CHAPTER XVIII Old Adelbert

OLD ADELBERT, of the opera, had lost his position. No longer, a sausage in his pocket for refreshment, did he leave his little room daily for the opera.

"It's so interesting. The enemy soldiers would come up the river in boats and along that road on foot. And then we would raise the guns and shoot at them. And the guns would drop back again before the enemy had time to aim at them."

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Arrive PALM BEACH		*2.10 a. m.	*6.40 a. m.
Arrive Miami	*2.00 a. m.	*4.40 a. m.	9.00 a. m.
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